DREAMLAND.

There is a land unknown to waking vision,
That blooms in beauty rare;
Sweet breezes blow throughout its fields elysian,
And stir its blossoms fair.

The sunlight bathes its purple-crested mountains,
And deep in shady groves
Where plash and trickle never-failing fountains,
The sleeping spirit roves,

And finds no trace of failure, sin, or sorrow
In those enchanted ways;
No thought of yesterday or sure to-morrow,—
Of past or future days.

There all its failures prove but brave successes,
And all its losses gains;
While love with its warm brooding presence blesses,
And perfect peace attains.

The loved ones laid to rest with bitter weeping,
Stand forth with shining eyes;
The dear remembered looks so sweetly keeping,
That grief, forgotten, flies.

All hopes of youth, all noble aspirations
To full fruition come;
The struggling soul is freed from its temptations,
The homeless finds a home.

Whatever in the hour of daily waking
Most dear and distant seems,
Grows real and near, an almost heaven making
That unseen world of dreams.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Neat Door Yards.

The person who lives in the city has but a small yard, and generally can manage to keep it neat and clean. But country folks have larger places and having so much work constantly on hand they feel unable to spend the time which they think would be required to make their surroundings pleasant. Many farmers also have an idea that it costs a great deal to put out ornamental trees and lay out the grounds as the village people often do. In order to lay them out in an artistic manner and have the grounds resemble a city park, considerable money would be needed. But a yard can be made quite pretty without much labor or expense. The surface of the ground should be made and kept quite smooth, and the grass should be cut often. A few ornamental trees or shrubs may be planted, but a good green stretch of lawn by itself looks pretty, and saves work. Such a lawn, too, is enticing to the children, and if kept neat, which after all is the main thing, the place will be much more attractive than such too often are.

Country Butter.

The art of making good butter is not as common as it ought to be, even though the article is one of the most ancient of food products, and was mentioned by Herodotus 2,300 years ago, and frequently referred to by other early writers. Bad butter is far more frequently met with than good, and of all the old fables which find acceptance in regard to the superior delights of a rural life, none have less foundation in fact than that which asserts that the butter which adorns the average farmer's table is of better qualities than is obtainable in cities. As good butter as is found in hotels and upon first-class family tables in a city like Boston can seldom be found in country farmhouses. The farmers' wives and daughters do not know how to make the best butter, and have not the requisite appliances if they possessed the knowledge. The butter which is common in the farm house of even rural New England, and which is often referred to by the housewife with pride, is ranked low in the list of grades of butter in the Boston market, and it would be well if the fact were thoroughly comprehended. It may be fortunate for the palates of a great many people in the country that they have no idea of what good butter is, and are actually incapable of telling good from bad, but it is not so fortunate for their pocket-books. It is nearly as easy to make good butter as to make poor, and it has been suggested that it would be an important and benevolent work if competent persons would go through the country explaining what good butter is and how to make it.

Why Cows Often Kick.

Every farmer and dairyman knows that there is a great difference in the disposition of cows. Some are ready to kick with apparently no provocation, while others will bear a great deal of ill-treatment without showing scarcely any resentment. A kicking cow is certainly a very disagreeable animal to have around, although it is said of Ralph Waldo Emerson that some of his brightest thoughts have came to him while being kicked half way across the stable. I do not doubt that sparkling thoughts would come to any-one at such a time, for I know that one's mind (and tongue, too, sometimes,) is quite active when a cow puts her foot in the pail, or sends it spinning across the stable, and it takes a person of good disposition to endure it patiently. One must certainly have a good disposition to deal with such a cow, or she is made worse or soon spoiled. It is usually the case that bad treatment makes a cow vicious. If a cow has kind treatment from the time she is a calf up to the maturity, she will hardly ever be inclined to show any temper, and if she does happen to kick, it may be taken for granted that she has a very good reason for so doing. On no condition whatever should she be kicked or pounded, but the cause should be found and measures taken to remedy it. If a cow's teats are sore she cannot be blamed for kicking. Hired men often make cows kickers, and when a hired man is caught treating a cow cruelly he should be rebuked and warned to be more careful in the future. Heifers most certainly must receive kind treatment when teaching them to be milked, and for this reason they should not be entrusted to the hired man, but the owner himself should milk and care for them.

Steamed Chickens.

It is a fashion to think young broiling chickens a great luxury. Yes; but then there is so much water; so much that is hard and burnt, and the little meat secured is usually stringy. We ventured on the steamer, and can ask no greater success. Cut the chicken open on the back, clean and wash thoroughly, and hang up to drain, clean and wash the heart, gizzard and liver, and put them in a saucepan with a little boiling water, and set over the stove to cook tender before the chickens are ready to boil. When well drained put the chickens into the "receiver," or if one has no steamer, make one for the occasion by packing the chickens, one on the top of the other (well pressed out to keep in shape) into a close-covered tin box, or a deep dish that can be covered closely so that neither water nor steam can enter. Set this into a pan of boiling water, if you have no steamer, and cover with another pan. Let the chickens steam from twenty to twenty-five minutes, according to size. Remember, being entirely shut off from water or steam, they cannot be injured if in a little longer than necessary. Have ready, when they are steamed, a good clear, but not scorching fire. Set the gridiron over, butter it, and lay on the chickens. Put a platter or pan over them, set a flat-iron or some weight on it to restore the shape, watch carefully, and soon as delicately brown turn them; when taken out of the steamer sprinkle over the salt and pepper required. Before the chickens are drained and put on to steam the giblets will be cooked almost enough. Take them from the water, chop very fine, and while chopping, now and then sift over them some flour from the dredge-box, until, when fine, they are like a paste; season with pepper and salt, and put back into the water they boiled in; and a tablespoonful of butter. When the chickens are taken from the steamer to be put on the gridiron there will be found a good quality of delicious liquor in the pan; the pure juice of the chickens, which if broiled without steaming, in the ordinary way, would be all burnt up, scorching the chickens and filling the house with smoke and very disagreeable odor. By steaming this is all saved and utilized. When the chickens are put on to broil pour this liquor into the saucepan with the giblets; let them all broil up together. If sufficient flour was sifted over while chopping the giblets the gravy will be a rich, thick, brown sauce, very delicious. When the chickens are nicely browned lay neatly on a platter, put butter on both sides, then pour over this excellent gravy. By this mode of cooking every particle of the chicken is easily cut off, and fit for use. Even the tips of the wings are like jelly—almost melt in the mouth—and very nice. Try it.

The Farm Horse.

There is no animal on the farm that is so likely to be neglected as the horse. The horse of the city truckman, or the expressman, the driving horse and the saddle horse, are well cared for but the farm horse is too often irregularly fed, and, so far as the cleaning is concerned, regularly and systematically neglected. It is difficult to find a hired man brought up on the farm who thinks there is any necessity for taking special care of a horse. Some horses upon the farm are rarely if ever properly curried or rubbed, and yet the condition and usefulness of the farm horse depend as much upon the manner in which it is cared for as any other horse. When brought perspiring to the stable he ought not to be allowed to stand over night with the dust drying upon him. A good cleaning off is half a rest, and yet how often we see the farm horse brought out in the morning covered with the dirt of the day before and with the accumulated filth of the night still clinging to him. Under such conditions a horse is not much more than half a horse. Often, too, he is irregularly fed and indiscreetly watered. A horse at work should have water five or six times a day. If he does not drink more than two or three quarts at a time all the better. A horse that is kept from water till he drinks two or three pailfuls, will be very likely to have his digestive organs and bowels seriously deranged. To keep a horse in good working condition he should be fed regularly, whether at work or idle in the stable. He will last many years longer than if, when at work, he is heavily fed and when idle neglected. A horse on the farm should always be cleaned at least once a day, and when hard at work both night and morning. If not at work a good grooming once a day would be sufficient, and when idle good hay might be substituted for grain.

A Fool and His Money.

All residents of Nevada, says the Carson *Appeal*, will recall what a famous resort Bowers' mansion used to be in the flush times, some fifteen years ago. Sandy Bowers made some lucky turns in crown Point and Belcher, and, almost before he knew it, was worth a cool million, and some say more. He believed that money was made to use, and so purchased some property near Washoe lake, and built his mansion. It was by far the most pretentious dwelling that ever had been thought of in Nevada, and when people saw the broad and solid masonry going up they wondered if it would not bankrupt its builder. After the house was finished, Bowers went to Europe for upholstery and furniture. The house cost about $100,000 to build, and the furniture cost about as much more. It was a simple proposition with Bowers to have everything in sight, regardless of expense. He had about him some bad advisers in those days, and they led him to all sorts of extravagance. He was open-hearted and liberal as the day, and the mansion became a favorite resort. He was never happier than when he had a big crowd dancing in his parlors, and drinking his champagne. He gave grand suppers, balls and receptions, and the bigger the crowd the better he liked it.

This sort of things went on for years, and presently Bowers reached the bottom of his sack. Gradually the property passed out of his hands. It went little by little, but it went all the same, and finally Sandy Bowers died in poverty and left a widow known as the "Washoe Seeress," a good, kind-hearted, genial old lady, who makes a living by revealing the future, and is looked upon as a wonderful medium by the Spiritualists After his death the glories of the mansion departed, and at the present time it is uninhabited.

A reporter visited the place not a great while ago. The gate was tied up, and the unkroken road showed that no carriages had driven through it for many a day. A stroll over the grounds showed that they were really deserted by everything except birds and jack-rabbits, The dancing-hall was empty, and the old bath-house, supplied with water from the hot springs, had been turned nto a sort of hostelry by wayfaring tramps, who, at the approach of footsteps, crawled out and betook themselves to the hills.

A rattlesnake lay coiled on the edge of the masonry. Unabashed by human presence, he continued basking in the sun, and wore the air of a party who knew his rights. Lizards darted in and out of the crevices of the stones, and mottled toads, with bellies of aldermanic patterns, sweated and sweltered in the grass, the growth of which no lawnmower had ever worried. The house had kept peace with the premises in the matter of decaying. The doors were all nailed up, and one stepping on the porch would wager any amount that the building was empty. Each tread was multiplied into a score of echoes which only empty houses respond to. A peep through the windows showed nothing but uncarpeted floors, bare walls and ghostly white ceilings. Bowers had built a lush pond when he was flush, and not forgetting that scenery was something, placed an island in the center. This was covered with a delightful growth of willows, which swept the water with truly picturesque effect. The fish, snakes and turtles held possession of this spot, and seemed oblivious of intrusion.

How England Takes Her Census.

In Great Britain a census has been taken every ten years since 1801, and the system is now one of the most perfect in existence. Until near the close of the last century, there was no real method, and all previous estimations of the population of the United Kingdom were mere guesswork. It seems the more strange that such should have been the fact, considering that, in the American colonies, enumerations of the population had often been made by order of the home government. In 1790, a beginning was made in Scotland by Sir John Sinclair, who, through his personal efforts in enlisting the cooperation of all the clegymen of the established church, collected returns which were of great value, though necessarily incomplete. After seven years he completed his compilations, and published the results in twenty-one volumes, probably the greatest statistical work ever undertaken and carried through by one private enterprise. Under the system adopted in 1851, the census of Great Britain is now taken in one day, the 31st of March. In 1851, 30 610 enumerators were appointed in England and Wales by the 2,190 district registrars in those countries, each enumerator having a distinctly-defined district assigned to him. In Scotland the thirty-two sheriffs appointed the temporary registrars——generally parish school masters——and 8,130 enumerators. For the smaller islands, the government appointed 257 enumerators, and in Ireland the census was taken by the constabulary. Some days before the census day printed schedules were delivered at every house or tenement; in Wales these were printed in Welsh for the benefit of the lower classes. These schedules contained questions about the name, relation to head of family, condition, age, sex, occupation, and birthplace of every person in Great Britain, and also as to the number of deaf, dumb and blind. Measures were taken to secure accurately the names of night laborers, persons out of the country, travelers, seamen, soldiers, etc. These schedules were all filled up in the night of March 30-31 and were taken up at an early hour on March 31, the collector filling up the parts that had been left blank through their negligence or inability. All unoccupied houses and buildings in course of construction were also noted. The floating population—persons who spent the night in boats and barges, in barns, sheds, etc., were required to be estimated as nearly as possible. The enumerators were allowed one week to make their returns in, all transcribed, and the summaries and estimates completed according to detailed instructions. The district registrars had to complete their revision of the returns of their subordinates in a fortnight, paying particular attention to nine specially defined points. These revised returns were again revised by the "superintendent registrars," and then transmitted to the census office. The census was the most successful, in quickness and accuracy, accomplished in any country up to that time, and the same system has been pursued, with little variation, ever since. The digestion of the census reports by the central authorities is conducted most thoroughly and scientifically, and the compilations are of the greatest value to statisticians and economists. The British system has served as a model for many other countries, where the census is now taken in one day by means of printed schedules.

Chicken Soup.—Cut up the fowl, separating each joint; let it boil one hour; then stir in thickening, tomatoes, pepper, salt, and parsley enough to season; put in a few dumplings; let it boil up a quarter of an hour and serve.

LOVE'S MISTAKE.

Low burned the fire, the room was dim,
We heard the warning clock strike ten,
And by the moonlight, growing dim,
Knew parting time had come again.

"I had a dream last night," I said,
"I'll tell it to you ere I go;
I thought, my dear, your little head
Was lying on my shoulder—so!

"Tis time to go," I said, "and you—
You kissed me twice upon the cheek;
Now tell me, love, if dreams come true."
Most archly did my darling speak:

"Why, some come true, and some do not;
Dreams like this do, I quite believe."
And then she kissed me twice, and got
Her waist entangled in my sleeve.

SEVEN PANTHERS.

Nelson Corcker's Struggle with Furious Beasts in "Painter" Swamp.

From the New York Times.

One of the most famous panther hunters ever lived in Sullivan County was Nelson Crocker, of the town of Bethel, whose favorite hunting grounds were around White Lake, now a popular summer resort for hundreds of New York people. In 1820 he was camping in the woods near Big Pond. One day he and his dog struck the trail of seven panthers on the edge of "Painter" Swamp. He followed the trail a long time, and then becoming hungry sat down on a log to eat his lunch. Suddenly his dog began to "bristle up" and growl, a huge panther sprang from a tree near by, almost touching Crocker's arm as it passed by him like a flash. Crocker caught his gun, but the panther had disappeared in the woods, followed by the dog. Few dogs would follow panthers. Crocker's was an exception. It soon overtook the panther, and a fight ensued. The dog was soon whipped, and came running back to its master, who had proceeded to the scene of the contest. The panther took to a tree and, as Crocker was taking aim to fire at it, he discovered another panther rushing toward him from the swamp. The hunter directed his attention to this one, and shot it. By this time he heard the screaming of panthers in every direction, and as his dog could not be induced to render him any further aid, Crocker deemed it prudent to retreat from the swamp. He was followed by two of the panthers for a long distance. In getting away from them Crocker lost his wolf-skin hunting hat that he prized very highly. He reached his cabin in safety, and was so angry with himself at having been beaten by the panthers, and for being so cowardly as to leave his hat in their midst, that he determined to return and recover the hat, secure the skin of the panther he had shot, and kill others if the opportunity offered. He waited until the next morning, and then went back to the swamp. Crocker's dog having recovered from the effects of its fight of the day before, accompanied him. Crocker found his hat and also the carcass of the panther he had killed. While he was busy skinning the latter, he looked up and saw a large male panther watching him from the crotch of a tree. He fired at it and it fell wounded from the tree. It ran immediately to a chestnut sapling and climbed to the top of it. The sapling bent over with the weight of the panther until it touched the ground. The dog seized the panther, but the latter hurled him twenty feet away with one blow of its paw. It then advanced on Crocker, who had no time to load his gun. The dog fled and Crocker followed it, with the furious panther in close pursuit. Crocker threw his rifle away, and the panther ran to it and stoped to inspect it. That probably saved Crocker's life, as he was able to get out of the swamp, beyond which the panther did not follow him. Crocker again cursed his cowardice, and going to his cabin took his hunting ax and went back to the swamp. He had entered it only a few yards when the wounded panther sprang out of the bushes and made for Crocker without delay. The hunter stood his ground and when the panther jumped upon him it received the blade of the hunting-knife clear to the hilt in its heart. The thrust was a lucky one for Crocker, for both fore paws of the panther were on his shoulder, and its wide-open jaws at his throat As it fell back it tore the hunter's clothing off from the shoulders down. Leaving the panther in its death throes, Crocker hastened to the spot where he had thrown his rifle down and found it. He had hardly loaded it before he was obliged to bring it into service again, for another full-grown panther came bounding toward him from tree to tree. Crocker waited until it was crouched for the spring that was to bring it upon himself, and then fired. The panther leaped, but fell dead at the hunter's feet. Crocker took the skin from his three panthers, and lost no time in breaking camp in that vicinity, as he did not care to take the chances against a swamp full of such dangerous game, with no dog to depend on for aid. After having had hundreds of hair-breadth escapes from wild animals Crocker finally sent a rifle-ball through his own heart, because, after abstaining for more than a year from intoxicating liquor, he allowed himself to get drunk one day on a hunting expedition.

Among the early settlers of the Upper Delaware Valley was Ben Haines and his family. Haines was an Indian-killer and a great hunter. He had cabins in various parts of the valley, and his wife and three children accompanied him whenever he journeyed from one to the other. One of his places of abode was along the Lackawaxen River, four miles below the present village of Honesdale. He was absent one day on a hunting expedition, and his wife having some washing to do went to the river for that purpose. She took her baby with her, and laid it on the ground near by. While she was engaged in "pounding" clothes in a barrel, or rather the butt end of a pine log hollowed out to resemble a barrel, she heard a cry from her baby. She looked up, and to her horror saw an immense panther hurrying away with the child in its mouth. Mrs. Haines ran after the animal, and attacked it with her clothes-pounder, which made a formidable weapon. A few blows from the pounder caused the panther to drop the prey and to hurry off into the woods. Haines followed the panther the next day, and discovered it in a swamp. He shot it. It was very lean, and so old that its teeth were worn off to the gums. This accounted for the fact that the child had not been injured by the animal, and for the ease with which the rescue had been made by Mrs. Haines. The child that had so narrow an escape grew up to be a man of reckless and disreputable character. He became a raftsman, and once during a heavy freshet in the Lackawaxen insisted on running a raft through the narrows, a very dangerous place while he was intoxicated. He was remonstrated with, but said that he would go through the narrows on the raft or go to hell in trying. The raft was wrecked, and Haines was never seen or heard of again. The story of the panther and the child has been told throughout this valley for three-quarters of a century, but was generally discredited. Among the papers of the late Judge Samual Preston, of Wayne County, Pa, who surveyed land in the upper valley in 1787, was recently found a diary kept in which he mentions the incident as having occurred while he was in that vicinity.

Cyrus Dodge was another great hunter of Sullivan County. Once, while hunting deer at Long Pond, he discovered a panther glaring at him from a tree. He shot it, and instantly the trees in the vicinity seemed to be alive with panthers. Dodge, knowing that none of the cat family would venture into the water, waided out into the pond until he was waist deep. He counted seven panthers leaping about in the trees and giving voice to the most unearthly cries. They were young ones, about half-grown, and he supposed the one he had killed was their mother. He shot four more from his place in the pond, and the others disappeared in the woods.

Ladies in the House of Commons.

What do we mean by the "deer pen." Nothing more nor less than the Ladies' Gallery in the British House of Commons, which is a disgrace to the nineteenth century, yet into which it is more difficult to penetrate than into Buckingham Palace. Admission can only be obtained from members, who ballot for seats seven days in advance. As there are 567 members the struggle for seats is animated. Time was when woman had equal rights with men in visiting the Commons. As far back as 1676 my sex occupied the Stranger's Gallery—a privilege they enjoyed until February, 1778, when a great debate took place on the state of the nation. The Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Norton, and other *grandes dames* not only occupied the seats ordinarily assigned to them, but took possession of those under the front gallery. According to "Grey's Debates," a Captain Johnstone, of the navy, angered that the House should have been cleared of male strangers, among whom were friends he had introduced, insisted upon the withdrawal of all strangers. A rule then existed which enabled any one member to exclude visitors—an absurd rule, which has been recently modified. No less than two hours were required to enforce this order, and that two hours' scuffle with the weaker sex led to their banishment from the Commons.

From 1778 to 1834 women obtained a glimpse of the House by looking through a hole over the largest chandelier—a hole constructed to carry off hot air and the smoke of candles! Before the present Houses of Parliament were designed, when legislation was carried on in a temporary building, women were allowed to stand and peep through eyelet holes bored in a sort of box erected behind the Strangers' Gallery. Far better in the sheep-pen of to-day, but it is a pen. Originally it was divided into three compartments of seven persons. A dozen years ago, however, the dividing walls were removed. Since then other improvements have been made the last of which is the elevation of the ceiling and an attempt at ventilation; but the gallery still remains small, dark and well-nigh intolerable. Hung high in the air, like a bird-cage, a heavy iron grating conceals its occupants from the view of the house, and, unless a woman is fortunate enough to obtain one of eighteen front seats, she sees nothing and hears with difficulty. Yet when, in 1875, Shergeant Serlock proposed to remove the prison bars he was unmercifully snubbed.

Through many windings, up innumerable stairs, women attain the door leading to their pen. On a visit, one hour before the House assembled, it was locked, and a dozen women stood before it ready to make a raid on the front seats. At last the imposing usher appeared, unlocked the door, and the scramble began, but we were stopped in our mad career by the imperturbable person in black, who, after comparing our names with those on his list, allowed us to prpceed. "This is beautiful, is it not?" said an elderly lady to her companion. "What have you brought with you?" "Sherry, sandwiches and some sal volatile." "Very sensible, my dear, added the elderly lady. "Just before leaving home I had some sausages, because they are staying. Women speak little in this pen, the effect of the grating being depressing. No men are allowed, M. P.'s excepted, who drop in occasionally to see their friends. The only diversion is tea, or a chop served in a retiring-room.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

"BIRDS CANNOT COUNT."

Good Times.

Six eggs there were, in the nest of the bird,
Under four brown wings' protection.
"Now birds cannot count," said John, "I've heard,"
And so, without saying another word,
He took one for his collection.

Five eggs there were in the robin's nest;
Karl knew from John's direction.
"As birds cannot count," said Karl, "'tis best
To take one of these, to go with the rest
Of the kinds in my collection."

Four eggs there were in the nest on the tree.
Said Dick, "Upon reflection,
As birds cannot count, I think it will be
No harm to them, and just right for me,
To take one for my collection."

Three eggs there were in that harrassed nest;
And I don't know what connection
There was in the thoughts in the poor birds' breast,
If birds cannot count; but they left the rest
For anybody's collection.

Oh! egg collectors, don't you suppose
You might have some slight objection,
Though you should forget how to count, if those
Who look at your treasures, should as they chose,
Each take one from your collection?

JIM'S MESSENGER.

BY MADGE.

Jim's my young friend. He don't know any love but my share, and if that's a small bit, then my heart deceives me! Jim is a cripple, a poor, pale-faced little "kid," who has passed his ten years in suffering and need.

He knows the world is beautiful and fair. The sun creeps into his dark, comfortless room, and no one loves its brightness like Jim. He watches for it and calls it his faithful friend. His wistful eyes eagerly await the first glimmer which penetrates the dusty window-panes. But when the outer world is oppressed with heavy clouds and gloom, and the sun's cheering face is absent as well, there, Jim hopes, his friend is only resting—not sick nor weary of its tasks. Jim thinks it ought to take a holiday with God sometimes, and carry its brightness among the holy angels. So, often, when thinking of his friend's rare privileges, he does not grieve because the room is cold and dismal.

I have told you Jim is poor, sick, but not altogether lonely. Indeed, he was cheerful and contented, so the simplest thing made his heart bound with joy too rapturous for his feeble frame.

If I could call Jim's "Aunt Maria" a friend, I would not pity him so much or love him with tears in my heart. I know he gets his tin plate full of coarse dinner, and things look sort of arranged, but he is left to think and suffer all day, alone. He says the world is busy, all things are at work, and he only gropes idly and weakly.

Now I will tell you how I happened to know this poor little "kid."

Some folks think that boys have no heart and feeling, but I'm sure there are many, many of us who know better and who, under the handsomest or poorest coat carry the warmest and biggest of hearts. I might have agreed with these poor-opinioned folks before Jim's pale, tearful face turned to me. I was whistling on my way to school, feeling mighty jolly as I rattled the nickels in my overcoat pocket. I was ashamed afterward that I could be so selfishly happy, but then I didn't know the heart had anything to do with the boy's gladness or unhappiness.

I did not notice the dark brick wall that cast its gloomy shadow in the narrow street, but did see upon the damp earth a tiny blue flower, fresh and beautiful, with upturned face. I had not guessed the flower to be a messenger, but I looked up, and Jim's sad litle face met my eye. The window was stained, smoky and very far up the wall, but I heard the low, weak voice beg me to bring up the little flower.

I found my way to Jim, who cried with joy to have me there. He told me how he watched for me each day, morning and evening, whether the sun shone or clouds looked upon the street. And he thought my heart must be big with happiness because I could whistle to show it, and so make room for more. He told me his heart could hold so much more than it had, and the sun always gave a kindly smile for him and put a little cheer in the dark room. Hearing my tune, he dropped the tenderly-nurtured flower upon my path that it might attract, so I might know and cheer him; that less of self-love should rule my heart. The little flower—a bright, pure messenger from a generous, feeble child stirred me to a nobler, tenderer impulses, which God has implanted within the homeliest, hardest natures—the most heedless, most careless boy. So I'm Jim's friend, and his face brightens whenever I enter his room, which I tried to open to the sun's cheer and comfort, for loves sweet sake.

Bennie and His Beetles.

BY MAY MACKENZIE.

American Cultivator.

Nearly every farmer's boy is familiar with the May beetle, and very likely you have all seen them while plowing or hoeing in the Spring; for in the month of May they emerge from the ground, frequently in large numbers. It is a singular sight to see the beetles of all sizes and shades, from light to dark brown, as the plow turns up the sod and exposes them so view. Sometimes the grubs of these insects destroy acres of grass by feeding upon the roots, and we have read that in England and France whole meadows have been undermined by them; while the beetles in the winged state do much harm to the foliage upon the trees. They cling upon the under side of the leaves during daylight; but when the evening approaches they begin to buzz about among the branches, and sometimes enter houses through open doors or windows, attracted apparently by the light. They often seem dazzled and bewildered, flying hither and thither, darting against anything in their way with such force as to cause them to fall to the ground; and from this seeming blindness we have come to use the expression, "blind as a beetle."

But I must tell you about Bennie. He was the child of a neighbor, and had often been in to see our case of preserved insects, and sometimes had been with us in our walks to search for specimens. He wished most earnestly to serve us, and captured whatever bug or butterfly came in his way, regardless of crushed wings or broken legs. One bright May morning he came into the sitting room where we sat at our sewing, and spying a quantity of gay bits of worsted (left from some fancy work we had been doing) he asked if he might have them to put in his pocket.

His mother had just finished his first pants, and, as he rejoiced in two pockets, every available thing found its way into one or the other of them. He picked up the bright worsteds and put a good handful in each pocket; then seeing one of the farm hands pass the window, he hurried out to go with him to the field. They were plowing, and the May beetles were abundant, and Bennie conceived the brilliant idea of using his new pockets and helping me to specimens at the same time. So he picked up handful after handful of beetles and thrust them into his pockets. "After," as he said, "getting as many as he fought I would want," he came in, and, running to me, said: "Aunt May! Aunt May! I'se dot somefin for you! I'se dot lots of 'em, too!" and, putting his hand into his pocket, he drew forth the most comical looking mass that I ever saw and laid it upon my lap. There were the poor beetles, with their rough legs entangled with the gay, many-colored worsteds, which clung to them the closer the more they tried to get free from them; and they tumbled over each other, squirming and clawing in the most comical fashion.

Truly, I thought I had beetles enough in my apron to supply specimens to all the naturalists in the whole wide world; and Bennie told his mother, "I dess Aunt May was tickled mos' to def wiv 'em 'cause she laughed so, she did!"

Bad Company.

When you drive a nail into a board and draw it out again it will leave an impression, will it not? and when you leap into the water you will get wet, will you not? It is exactly the same with bad company. You may not do just what has been done, and perhaps may not say what you have heard said, but something will show itself in your character in after life, like the impression of the nail in the board. Suppose you were walking along a street, and somebody said to you, "This is a dangerous street; I would keep off of it; do you see the holes and ditches here?" would you not goto another street, that was safe to walk on? Bad company is dangerous. A very good rule for boys who are about to start out on the rough sea of life is: Keep out of bad company. Boys should ask their parents, or some responsible person, to choose what is bad or good company for them. Be careful what you read, be careful with whom you go, and keep out of bad company. It is more infecting than yellow fever, and it always leaves impressions on your character.

Montgolfier's Daughter.

Montgolfier, the inventor of the balloon, demonstrated the practibility o his device for navigating the air in June, 1783, in the vicinity of Lyons. It is singular that an immediate descendant should have been living until very recently. Mdlle. Adelaide de Montgolfier, who died Dec. 16, at the age of 91, was his daughter, and had survived him for eighty-one years. She was a woman of unusual talent, devoted to literature, and the author of a song book called "Melodies du Printemps," which is still in use in nearly all the French schools. She was the patroness of Beranger; and she left a splendid collection of autographs, nearly all addressed to herself, and including a letter of Silvio Pellico written with his own blood. Midlle. Montigolfier resisted all persuasion to quit Paris on the approach of the Prussions in 1879. She lived on the side of the city exposed to the Prussian batteries, and she remained with a maid and a youth in her service, the only tennants of a large old house of many flats whence every other had fled. Old as she was, even then she went incessantly to visit the wounded in the ambulances, and was found at the end of the siege to have given away all her house linen, and every article useful for the sick. The great event and triumph of her life, doubtless, was to see her father's great invention so utilized during the siege of Paris, when for a long time the only communication between the beleaguered capital and the outside world was by means of balloons. Mdlle. de Montgolfier was possessed of a large fortune. She presented the Museum of the Aeronautical Academy with a copy of the large medal executed by Huldon, representing her father and uncle, who was associated with him in the invention of balloons. A movement will be got up in France for celebrating the centenary of that memorable event.

"Yes, sah," said the old colored man, "de fus' yeah, when I give fifty dollars to the church, dey call me Mistah Richard Johnson, Esquah; de secon' yeah times was bad an' I couldn't giv no mo'n than twenty-five dollahs, an' dey call me Bruddah Johnson; de next yeah I couldn't giv nuffin', an' dey call me ole niggah Johnson.